MOHAVE COUNTY MINER.

VOL. VI. KINGMAN, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888. NO. 52.

THE MOHAVE MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

C. M FUNSTON, Publisher.

KINGMAN, MOHAVE COUNTY, ARIZONA.

Entered at the postoffice in Kingman as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Copy, One Year	4.00
" " Six Months	2.00
" " Three Months	1.00
Single Copies	10

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6 42 p m	.....Holbrook.....	1 50 p m
8 30 p m	.....*Winslow.....	12 15 a m
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10 20 a m	.....Kingman.....	9 21 p m
11 30 a m	.....Yucca.....	7 59 p m
2 00 p m	....*The Needles.....	6 10 p m
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8 20 p m	.....Ludlow.....	11 21 a m
10 24 p m	.....Daggett.....	9 15 a m
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9 10 p m	.....Los Angeles.....	7 00 a m
3 30 a m	Ar.....Mojave.... Lv	4 45 a m

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

ACCUMULATIONS OF A PAWNBROKER PUT UP AT AUCTION.

A Curious Crowd in a Chicago Street—Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jingle as Auctioneers—A Bleeding Heart—Some Pretty Tall Stories—Sentiment.

The street was more crowded than usual. The auctioneers had a house clearing. All the watches, jewelry, scarf pins, opera glasses, pocket pistols which Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Gent., and others who were waiting for something to turn up had confided to the care of a south side pawnbroker, were to be sold under the hammer. Mr. Micawber attended the ceremony. So did Mrs. Micawber. So did a throng of bargain hunters. The street was packed with them. The auctioneer was elderly, bald and benevolent. He wore spectacles. He bore a general likeness to Mr. Pickwick. He was assisted by a young gentleman of rapid and disjointed utterance who resembled Mr. Jingle; and he was always calling attention to his Pickwickian philanthropy, the purity of his motives, the "squareness" of his conduct. In his vindication Mr. Jingle aided him volubly.

The sale began with a pair of solid gold mounted earrings. Somebody bid $2.

"Two dollars," sang out Mr. Pickwick. "Two dollars and a quarter! Who says quarter! Quarter, quarter, quarter, will you make it?"

"Property of prominent society lady," cried Mr. Jingle. "Husband speculated—caught in wheat deal—couldn't come to time—went to board at night—hung himself from gallery—cut down in morning—wheat rose immediately—would have been millionaire—sad case—very."

"My only reason," said Mr. Pickwick, "for parting with these precious relics is the pawnbroker's stern command. Gentlemen, you know me. I guarantee everything I sell. My heart bleeds to dispose of these earrings, but I guarantee them. Now who says quarter! Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

The crowd was now dense. Two or three heavy faced, beetle browed men stood near the auctioneer, and whenever he urged them to "make it a quarter" they generally made it a quarter. A suspicion that they were in sympathy with the venders made their neighbors fight rather shy of them, and whenever they showed much disposition to pile up "quarters" they generally had the bidding to themselves. Once or twice a woman at the back would timidly raise her finger and secure a ring or a brooch. The professionals would turn with a laugh, and regard their unprofessional sister with scorn.

A handsome Newfoundland dog strayed in from the street, lay down on the edge of the throng, and regarded the proceedings with philosophic loftiness. "What form of human chicanery is this?" he demanded, blinking his big brown eyes in the sun.

"Here is a watch," said Mr. Pickwick, "with a solid fourteen carat gold case."

"An immense bargain," added Mr. Jingle.

"Stem winder," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Key winder," said Mr. Jingle.

"Perfect order," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Case alone worth the money," said Mr. Jingle.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, beaming through his spectacles, "this is not my sale. This is the pawnbroker's sale. You know the pawnbroker. He is as benevolent as I am. His heart bleeds when circumstances compel him to sell the forfeited pledges of the needy. Twenty dollars are bid. Who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

A third auctioneer now made his appearance. He was more violent than his partners. He was revolutionary in his doctrine and was for "smashing things." A lady gold watch was produced. "Break it to pieces, gentlemen," cried the revolutionist. "Grind it to powder. The gold dust to which you reduce it will be worth more than you bid for it."

"Remarkable watch," cries Jingle, "remarkable history—lady eloped—notorious scandal—thought she eloped with German baron—no baron at all—only a footman—hadn't a cent—everything sold—watch pawned—curious story—very."

"Gentlemen," says Mr. Pickwick, "here is a lady's lace pin; star and crescent; nine diamonds; worth $150."

"Formerly property of Hattie Blackford," says Jingle—"daughter of Philadelphia parson—went to Russia—called herself Fanny Lear—not grand duke—grand duke all broke up—robbed grandmother's shrine—gave stolen diamonds to Fanny—Russian police bounced her—fled to Paris—went broke—sold this lace pin—odd creature—very."

"Worth $150," says Mr. Pickwick. "Who bids for Fanny Lear's lace pin? Ten dollars! Thank you, sir. Quarter, quarter, quarter shall I make it?"

"Here is a Tissot watch," says the revolutionist. "Smash it with a hammer. Screws are solid gold. Tear 'em to pieces; rip 'em up; pulverize 'em; and a pawnbroker will lend you $75 on the fragments. What's the bid? Six dollars? Why, the glass is worth more."

"Watch belonged to Bearded Lady," says Jingle. "Great attraction—dime museum—manager presented watch—token of esteem—envious rival—took scissors—approached Bearded Lady in bed—cut off beard—never grew again—Bearded Lady busted—manager fired her out—presented another watch to envious rival—sad calamity—very."

Mr. Pickwick got rather jealous of Jingle's tales. He even attempted to spin a yarn or two of his own. He tried to pass off a gold headed cane as "Tascott's cane." But the crowd jeered, the professionals laughed and the Newfoundland dog gave an ominous little growl. They wanted the original Scheherazade, the authorized teller of tales, or nobody.

In "The Ragpicker of Paris"—that famous old play of Felix Pyat, the communist—the ragpicker sorts out his bag and finds a shred of sentiment or humor in every rag. This bit of lace was worn by the belle of the ball; that scrap of calico came from a shirt that was made by a starving mother beside the cot of a dying child. So in this pawnbroker's sale every article had its history. Jingle, the romancer, knew nothing about them. The opera glasses in mother-of-pearl that lie at his side could tell of the night when he and she went for the first time together to the theatre; how she had no eyes for anything but the stage, and he had no eyes for anything but her; and how the opera glasses, having the gift of observation, surmised from her behavior that the engagement subsequently came to nothing. This ring could tell of a betrothal of which the parents hoped so much; that ring could tell of a marriage which ended in strife and separation.

Gravely rose the Newfoundland dog; gravely he shook his head; gravely he walked away. Dimly it dawned upon his canine intelligence that this auction was an epitome of human life. And still Mr. Jingle went on with his idle fairy tales and Mr. Pickwick kept musically asking: "Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"—Chicago Tribune.

As education increases and civilization advances, the luxuries of the present become the necessities of the succeeding age.

IN THE RIDING HALL.

Cadets of West Point on Horseback—An Exhibition of Skill.

But now, the cadets just freed from the second rooms are pouring out of the academic building, and on all sides may be heard the commands of the section marchers.

"Sections halt! Left face! 'Ranks broah!'"

Hardly have the members of the sections entered the barracks when other cadets appear, looking taller and straighter than ever in their skirtless riding jackets. Then, amid much clanking of sabers and jingling of spurs, march to the riding hall where the galleries are already filled with fair appreciative spectators whose hearts are ready and willing to thrill at the daring acts of horsemanship about to be attempted. A handsome captain of cavalry is in command, superbly mounted on a coal black charger, and he put the young troopers through a series of gymnastics on horseback. Then all are sent flying around the hall at a mad gallop, slashing at leather bags, thursting at iron rings, leaping their horses over hurdles, and raising great clouds of tan bark as they slash the ground.

In going around the corner one horse has fallen, pinning his rider's leg to the ground. A chorus of "Oh's" and pretty exclamations of consternation from the galleries follow. But in a moment the horse is on his feet again, and the rider, having escaped with only a few bruises, soon catches him, and mounting, joins his comrades.

Another cadet has dropped his saber—accidentally, of course—and starting his horse at a gallop from the other end of the hall, he arows himself far over its side, and with a low swoop at the proper instant picks up the saber and regains his seat amid the applause of the gallery.

Now, saddles and blankets are removed and taken from the hall, and the cadets are exercised with horses bareback. Now, they are sitting faced to the rear, and now sideways, but quickly resume the ordinary position at the command. Finally the grand culmination is reached when the command "at will" is given, and an exhibition ensues that would make glad the heart of the proprietor of the "greatest show on earth." Cadets standing on prancing steeds; cadets leaping on and off galloping horses; cadets leaning far over the sides of their saddleless steeds and picking up handfuls of loose tan bark; cadets wrestling with each other as their horses tear around the ring. On one side of the hall a cadet is running around the circle hanging to the mane of a comrade's horse. Suddenly he leaps and lands snugly behind the horseman, who dismounts in front and repeats the maneuver, and so they go until the captain's voice commands order again, and the active fellows are marched off, their faces glowing with the healthful exercise.—Lieut. E. M. Lewis in Inter Ocean.

Milk for City Customers.

Women especially seem to wish to be deceived, for they are always offering inducements for deception by demanding conditions and assuming favors which cannot be granted. Many tradesmen take advantage of their eagerness to obtain special bargains on goods by promising everything demanded. I suppose there is as much deception practiced in selling milk as in any other line, for our woman customers, who deal through their servants, insist on certain conditions which if the milkman cannot fulfill, he will often promise to do in order not to lose the trade. I have in mind one particular case where more women are laboring under a delusion than in any other way. It is a belief which many doctors foster, that the baby raised on the bottle must have the milk of one cow, and only one, as it would otherwise die. As soon as a contingency arises to feed the baby one cow's milk, the milkman is ordered to bring a special bottle of milk every morning from the same cow. If the milkman promises, as he generally does, the mother goes on for a year or more feeding the baby on milk which she believes comes from the same cow.

It may be just as well that mothers are happy in their ignorance, for a good many of them would not insist on the one cow milk if they only reflected upon the difficulties in the way of supply. In the first place, one cow does not give milk as long as the baby could use it. Again, most of the milk delivered here comes from farmers outside the city, who ship it in big cans containing the product of all their milking. Some of the milk dealers explain this, and lose a customer by it. Some small dealers really reserve one cow's milk for certain customers, but generally the promise can not be kept. I have seen milkmen filling babies' bottles out of a big can. The wily farmer works the baby milk racket just as he does the butter scheme. He comes in from his farm apparently with only one bottle of milk, and charges an exhorbitant price for it, but he is to be no more trusted than the dairyman. The best way to get one cow's milk is to keep the cow yourself.—Milkman in Globe-Democrat.

Sounding Public Opinion.

A minor actress employed in a current comic opera took unusual and effective means of finding out what was said about her. A considerable element in the audiences at that kind of an entertainment is made up of rather fast young fellows, who go as often as once a week to see the same things over again, if they happen to like them. These chaps lounge in the cafes between Twenty-third and Thirty-third streets, and a great deal of their idle chatter is on theatrical subjects, especially on actresses who happen at the time to be foremost as professional beauties.

Now, the young performer in question had read about her artistic qualities in the newspaper criticisms, and had reason to know that she was just tolerably acceptable as an actress and singer; but she was anxious to find out how the swell rounders rated her. Therefore she went to a firm of law reporters and hired a shorthand expert for an entire week. His duty was to mix as much as possible with groups of beaux in the fashionable bar rooms, listen to the remarks that they might chance to make concerning her, manage to write them out verbatim, and then turn the work over to her at the end of the job. The man's report made a considerable bunch of foolscap closely written over, and composed of dialogues in which the actress was discussed. No doubt that in reading it she had plenty of reason to resent the freedom of speech, but, as she is considered a sightly object, she doubtless found comfort to overbalance her modesty's grievance.—New York Sun.

A Cradle of Palm Leaves.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amazon that cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up around the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub. Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little tot to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during his siesta, and the chatter of the monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.—Drake's Magazine.

Question of Vital Importance.

Who should marry and who should not marry is a question of vital importance in the deliberations at Boston of the Prison association. It is a question that sooner or later must be boldly confronted by church and state alike. Like begets like all the world over, from man down to animalcula. As the parents are so will the children be. It is a law of nature that cannot be repealed, yet in its effect is filling the prisons, hospitals and insane asylums of the land to overflowing, adding to the sum total of crime and misery everywhere and taxing the sound, the law abiding, the industrious, to support the diseased, the criminally base and the constitutionally depraved and lazy. An Indiana delegate to the association put the matter in a terse and thought inspiring way. Mr. Reeves attacked the civil marriage contract, saying of the state that no matter who comes for a permit, the strong or the weak minded, the sound and healthy, or the deformed, the millionaire or the hereditary pauper, all are given a permit alike, and this civil contract is thus fully completed by sanction of law. If a man wants to run a locomotive or practice medicine or plead in the courts, he must submit to a rigid examination as to his fitness for the position and be able to pass one.

But when he comes forward to get a permit to enter into a contract, the most sacred that can be assumed, which vitally affects the bodies social and politic, as well as corporal, not a word is said. All are licensed. The church regards marriage as a holy covenant. It makes little or no inquiry as to candidates. So we have a shocking view of marriage upheld by church and state. A constant increase of pauperism and crime must follow. Men find it to their interests to improve the races of horses, dogs, cats, cows, chickens, pigeons and other animals, but that race whose members are formed in the image of the Creator must take its chances and do its mating after the fashion of a lottery. Chance rules the selection of men and women for the holy offices of parentage, and that chance does its work is shown by the statistics of criminality in this and other countries.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

How Policemen Wear Gloves.

Did the man who notices everything in the busy life around him ever take heed to the fashion of the police force in the matter of wearing gloves? On Broadway, down town, where the tall, stalwart officer guides unprotected females through the labyrinth of endless lines of trucks, horse cars and drays of all kinds, his hands are neatly encased in a pair of white, closely fitting gloves. At the end of the day their original color is sometimes not apparent, but he wears them both.

On the avenue, where his duty consists of walking up and down, up and down in a monotonous manner, the policeman follows the fashion of the swells that parade before him. One glove only is worn, and that on the left hand, which clasps tenderly the other neatly folded white bit of cotton, while his right hand is free to swing nonchalantly his club.

In the business portions of the city the presiding genius in blue discards gloves as a rule, and his hands are free to grapple with any obstreperous member of the exchanges who may feel particularly happy. But he possesses gloves, you know that, for you see them just protruding above his breast pocket.

And down where the outcast portion of humanity exists, the strong, muscular guardian of the law walks about barehanded, for the men with whom he comes in contact scarcely know what gloves are. But there is an exception to the general rule—a new man on the force always wears both gloves until he finds out the fashion of his district and accommodates himself accordingly.—New York Evening Sun.

American View of English Manners.

No class in the world, probably, is judged so little on its merits as the English upper class. At home it casts a glamour on men's eyes, a glamour so great that Mr. Darwin absolutely believed it physically superior to other classes, although another social observer, Mr. Edward Jenkins, made, a few years since, the remark: "Why noble earls should be so ugly is a problem of nature," and this strikes the American visitor to the house of lords as being nearer the truth. So great is, at any rate, their lingering prestige among Liberals, that a leading London reformer once told me that it was almost essential to the success of a radical meeting to get a lord to preside at it, and I have myself been present at such a gathering in London, when one of the few really good speakers I ever heard in England—a man full of information on the very point at issue, and expressing it admirably—was put down, in that brutal way only seen among Englishmen, through the impatience of the audience to hear a dull and inarticulate lord, who had nothing to say and said it.

A class thus situated cannot be judged by what is said about it in its own home; and when it is transplanted it is apt to drift among a class of similar admirers abroad. No doubt there are noblemen in England whose manners a critical American would call high bred; but it is certain that one may travel a good deal in that country, and even go through a considerable course of London dinner parties, without having the good luck to encounter a specimen.—T. W. Higginson in The Forum.

The Indian's Bark Canoe.

The bark canoe is the Indian's chef d'œuvre. It seems to me not only a beautiful object, but a suggestive emblem of his life. It is the most natural boat in the world; to make it he peels the bark from a birch, splits a cedar for timbers and planks, binds it together with roots, and closes the seams with pitch from the pine. His tools are an ax, a crooked knife, and an awl made of a deer's bone. No compass and square cover his weakness, for every piece tells the exact truth of his hand and eye; not even a bench removes him from the earth, nor a roof covers him from the sky; he kneels at his work. And the women embody their attachment in the pitch they press into the cracks. It is nature's model, made by the wild man in the woods. The life of the bark canoe is equally poetic; it floats through mountain lakes with the beaver, and runs rapids with the otter; indeed, all its companions are creatures of the forest; it is faithful to nature to the very last, when it retires to the shore of some lonely pond to mold under its mound of feathery moss.—C. H. Farnham in Harper's Magazine.

Weather Changes.

It has been observed in Italy by Palmieri that on a clear day, with every indication of continued fine weather, the electrometer will indicate a change long before the barometer.—Arkansaw Traveler.